

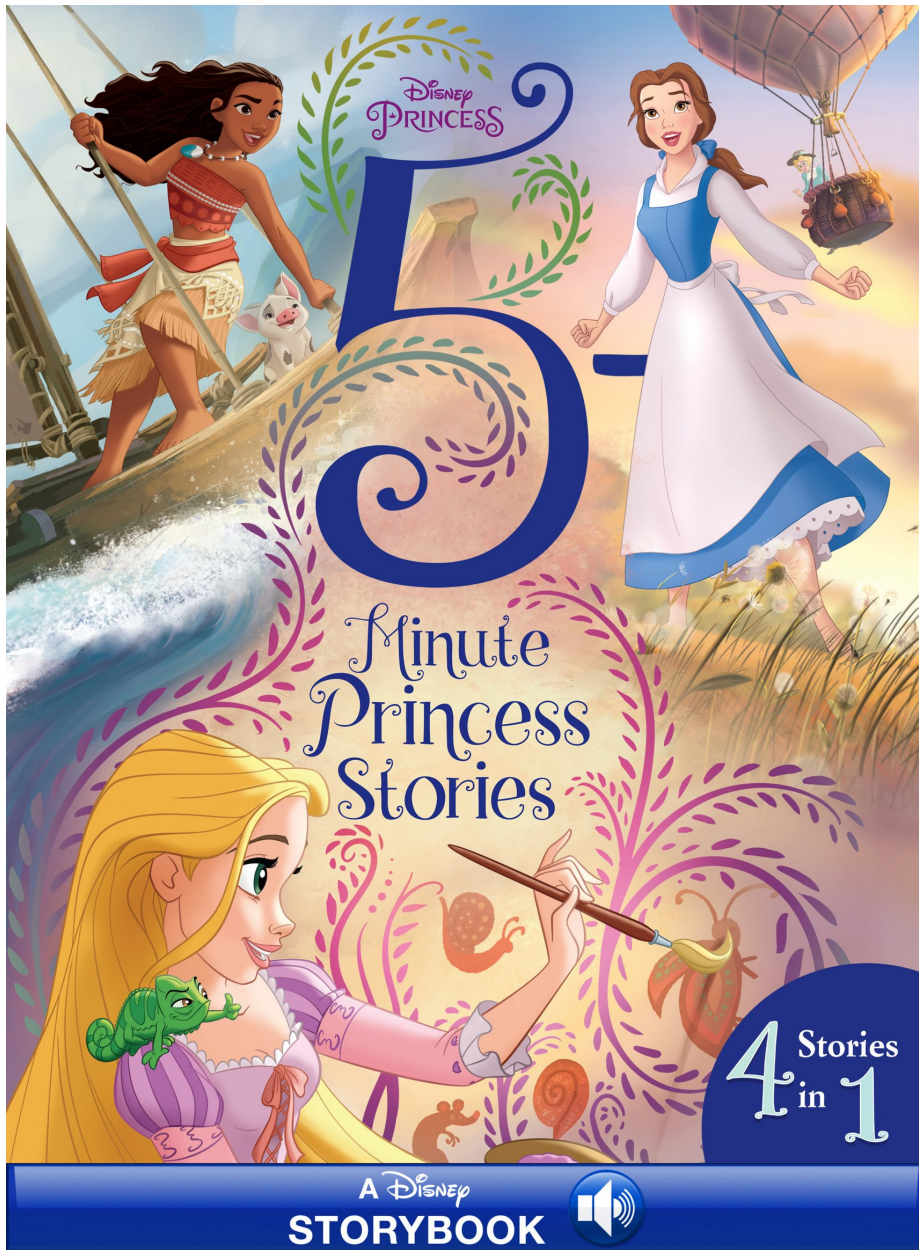
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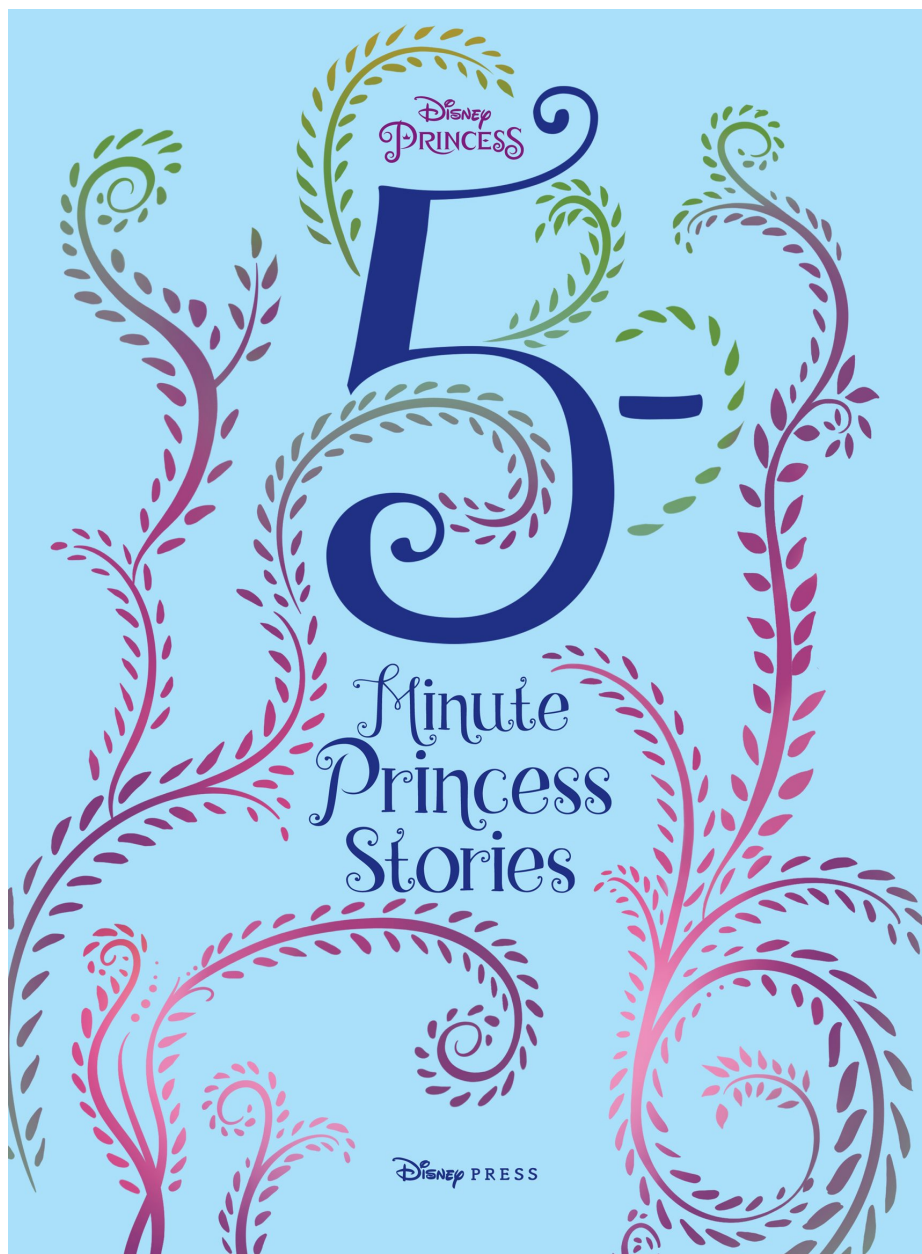
4 Stories
in 1

A Disney
STORYBOOK









Los Angeles • New York



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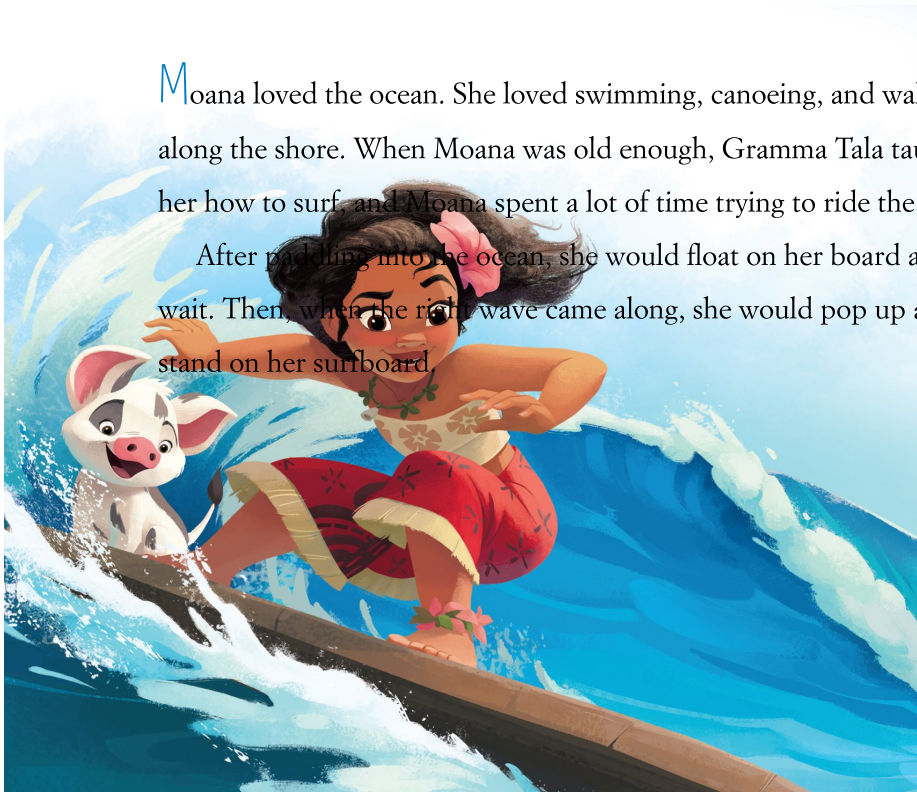


A Path to the Sea

by Tea Orsi

Moana loved the ocean. She loved swimming, canoeing, and walking along the shore. When Moana was old enough, Gramma Tala taught her how to surf, and Moana spent a lot of time trying to ride the waves.

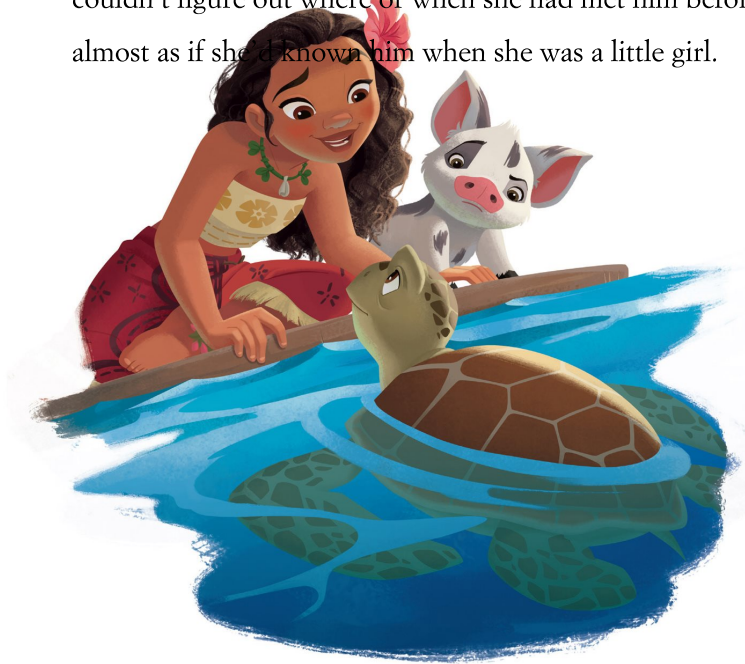
After paddling into the ocean, she would float on her board and wait. Then, when the right wave came along, she would pop up and stand on her surfboard.



One day, as Moana and Pua waited for a wave, a sea turtle paddled toward them.

He swam directly up to Moana and looked right at her. She watched as he floated beside her. “Hello,” she said.

There was something familiar about the sea turtle, but Moana couldn’t figure out where or when she had met him before. It was almost as if she’d known him when she was a little girl.



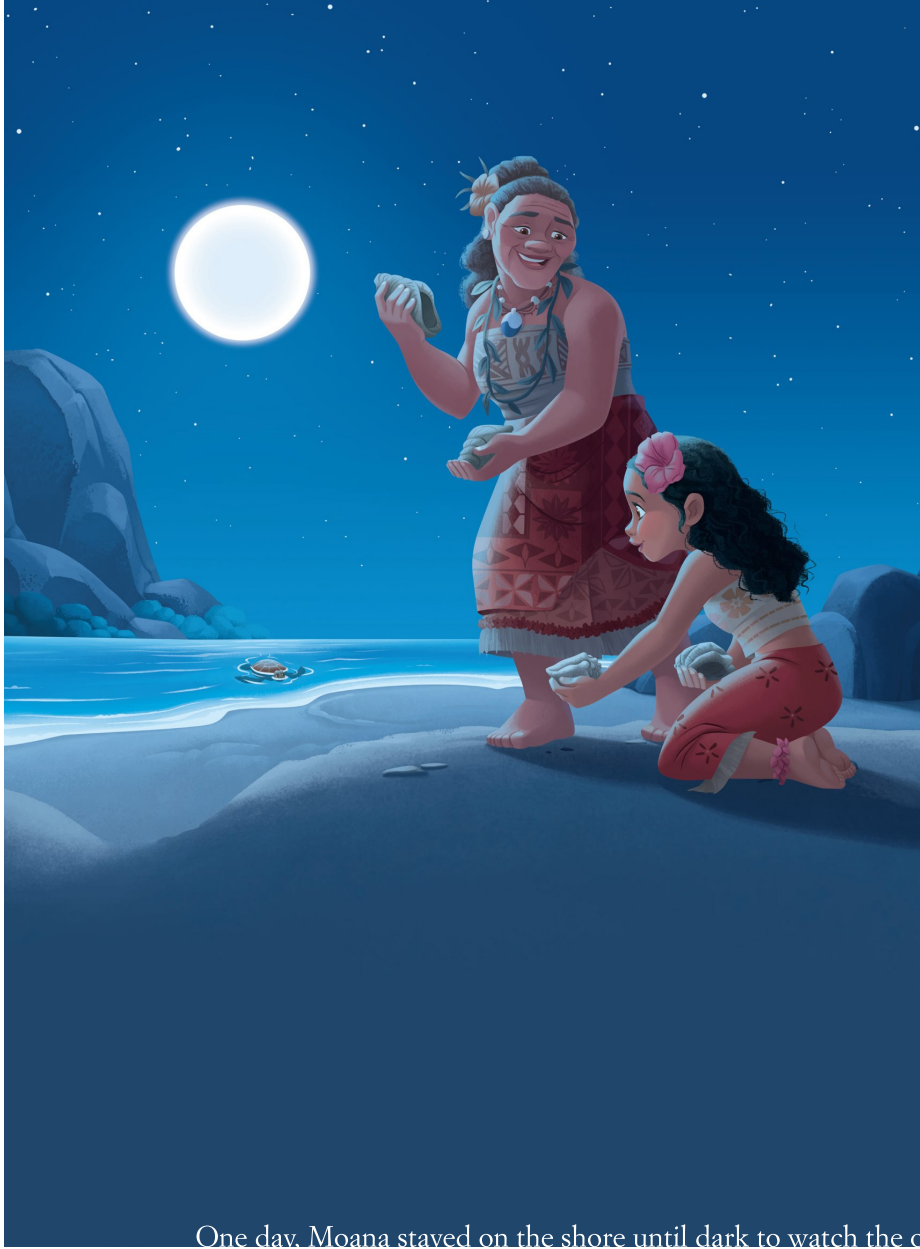


For many days, whenever Moana and Pua went to the ocean, Lolo found them.

They had fun swimming . . .



surfing, and playing in the waves.



One day, Moana stayed on the shore until dark to watch the o



They watched as the sea turtle crawled up onto the sand and over toward the coconut trees. There, Lolo started digging a hole.

“Does he need help?” Moana asked.

Gramma Tala shook her head, and the two continued to watch quietly until Lolo covered the hole and went back into the water.

“What was he doing, Gramma?” asked Moana.

“*She*, you mean,” Gramma Tala said with a laugh.

Moana gasped in surprise!

“Your turtle friend just laid her eggs in the hole she dug,” Gramma Tala said. “Generations of sea turtles lay their eggs right there.” She told Moana how the baby turtles made their way to the ocean after hatching. “And when the females grow up, they come back to lay their eggs,” she added.

“How do they remember that spot?” Moana asked. “And how do the babies even know to go to the ocean?”

“They just know,” said Gramma Tala.

Moana understood. “They listen to their hearts,” she said.

“That’s right,” Gramma Tala said proudly.





Moana checked the nesting grounds every day.

She wondered when the baby turtles would hatch and hoped she would get to see them.



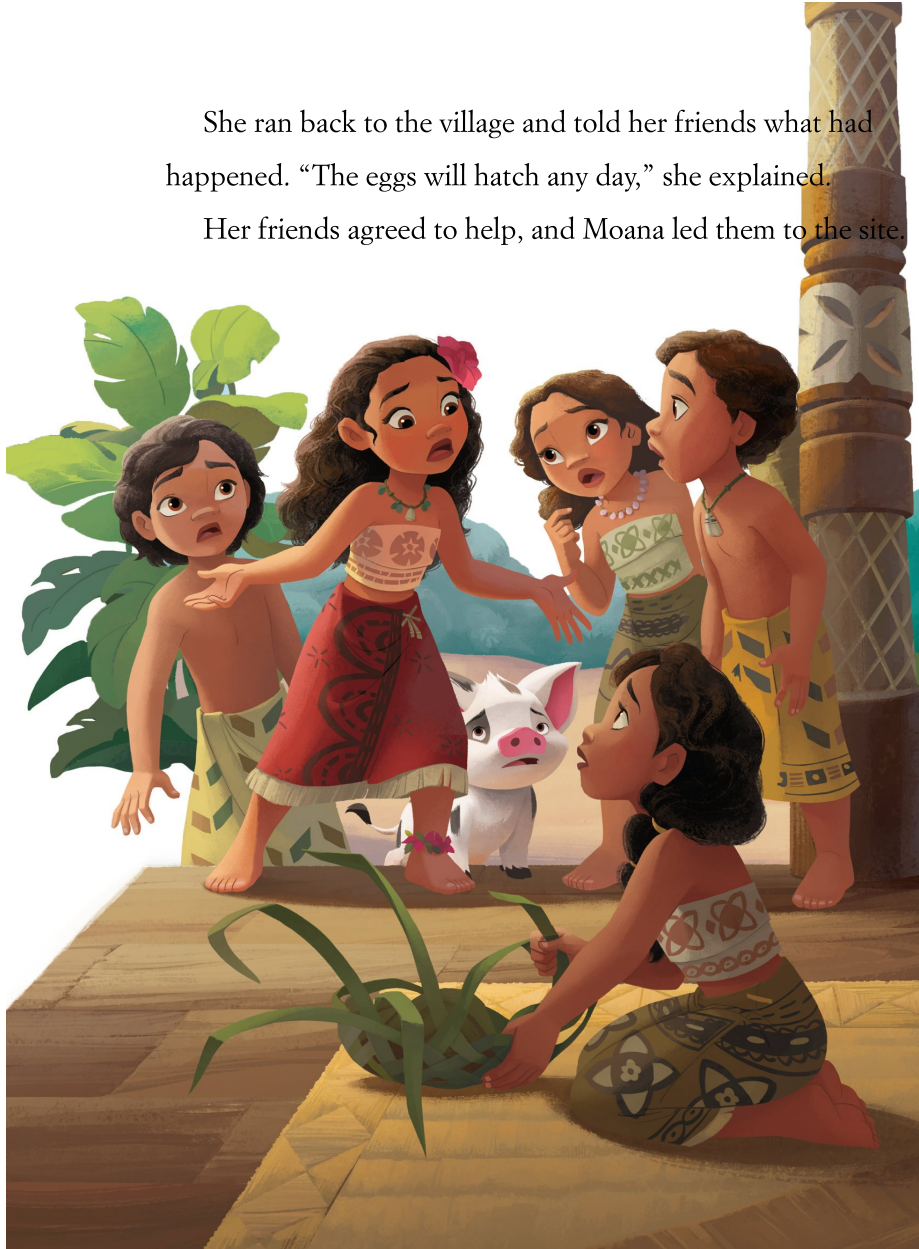




Soon after the storm was over, the sun came out. Moana grabbed her surfboard and hurried back to the ocean. When she got there, she couldn't believe her eyes: the storm had knocked a coconut tree right on top of the nesting grounds! Luckily, the eggs were safely buried deep underground. *But what if the baby sea turtles hatch?* she wondered. *They could be trapped!* Moana had to do something fast.

She ran back to the village and told her friends what had happened. “The eggs will hatch any day,” she explained.

Her friends agreed to help, and Moana led them to the site.





They all worked together to carefully clear the fallen tree.

But then, suddenly, they heard a loud *crack*! Another palm tree had been damaged in the storm, and it was about to fall onto the site.



“Hurry!” urged Moana. “Let’s push it away from the nest.”

Everyone gathered around the broken tree. They used all their strength to push until it finally snapped and fell. “We did it!” cheered Moana, breathing a sigh of relief.

The next day, Moana and Gramma Tala were dancing with the ocean waves when Moana saw something move in the nesting grounds.
“Gramma, look!” she said excitedly.
Lolo’s eggs were hatching!





They watched as the baby sea turtles made their way out of the nest.

When a seabird swooped in and tried to capture one of the baby turtles, Moana waved her arms and Pua chased the bird away. Moana and her friends protected the newborns, determined to see that each and every one made it safely to the water.



Later that day, when Moana and Pua went surfing, Lolo and her little sea turtles swam around them, paddling and playing together.

Moana smiled. She felt great knowing that she had helped Lolo's sea turtles. And there was no better way to celebrate than by enjoying the ocean together.



Belle's Flight

by Tea Orsi

Belle and her father, Maurice, were on their way to Paris to visit the French National Library.

Belle couldn't wait to explore all the books. Maurice chuckled. "All of them? I hope we'll have enough time!"



But the journey would take a couple of days, so they planned to make stops along the way to sightsee.

After a few hours the first day, the travelers reached the country inn where they would spend the night.





“*Et voilà!* Cheese and warm baguettes,” the landlady announced when all her guests were settled.

Maurice happily thanked her for her hospitality, but Belle’s attention was caught by a young woman who was busy writing in a notebook.

What is she writing? Belle wondered. *Maybe an adventure novel or a fairy tale?*

And then came the perfect chance for Belle to find out! The writer accidentally dropped some of her pages on the ground and didn't notice.

"You dropped these," Belle said, returning the papers to the mysterious writer.



“A travel journal? How amazing!” Belle exclaimed. “Where have you traveled?”

The girl smiled and joined Belle and Maurice at their table.

Her name was Sophie.

“I have visited every town in France to search out wonderful inventions,” she said.

Belle was amazed. “What is your next destination?” she asked.



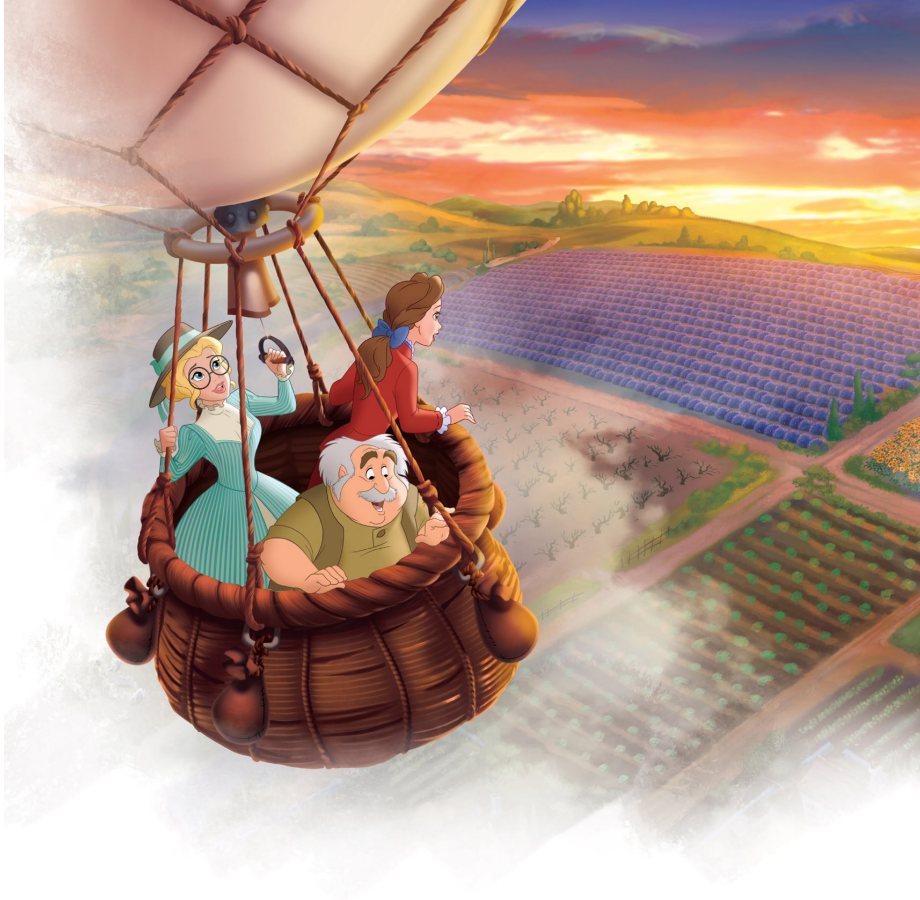
“England! I’ll show you how I’m traveling there!” Sophie said, heading for the door.

She led Belle and Maurice to a meadow, where she was keeping an extraordinary vehicle: a hot-air balloon!









They scrambled into the basket and took off with Sophie on their first balloon flight!

The world seemed so small from up high.

“The clouds are moving in fast,” Sophie pointed out as they flew higher.

“Uh-oh, I think a storm is on the way!” Maurice exclaimed.



Large raindrops soon followed.

“I’ve never flown in a storm!” Sophie called.

“We better land!” Belle shouted over the wind.

Belle and Maurice held on tightly while Sophie turned the fire down to start the descent.



But as the balloon lowered to the ground, a gust of wind pushed it toward a tree.

A branch sliced open the canvas! *Whoosh!*

The balloon plummeted to the ground! Sophie was upset that her hot-air balloon was ruined.

“Don’t worry, together we can fix it!” Belle reassured her.

When the skies cleared, Belle, Maurice, and Sophie got to work. They sewed, weaved, and hammered. Soon the balloon was as good as new!

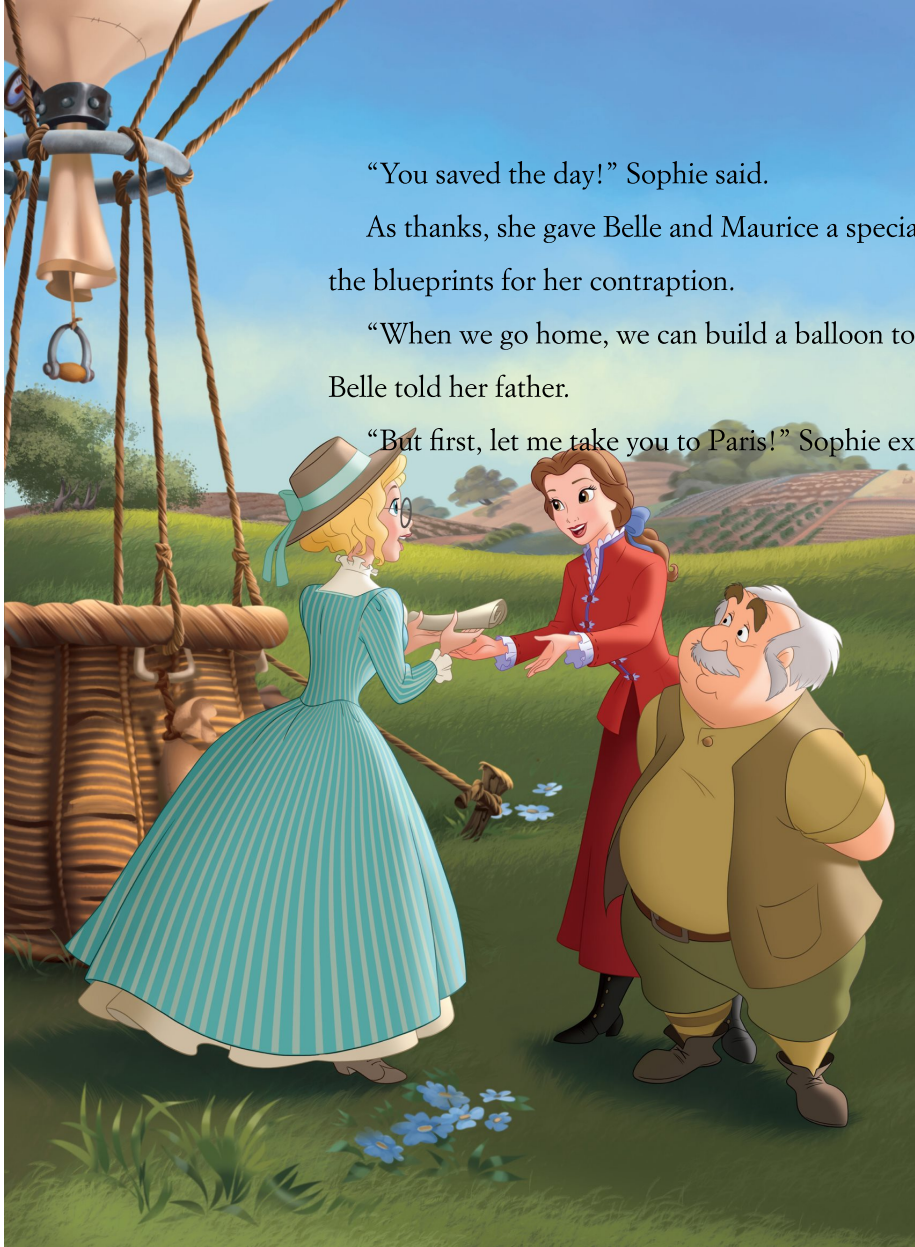


“You saved the day!” Sophie said.

As thanks, she gave Belle and Maurice a special gift:
the blueprints for her contraption.

“When we go home, we can build a balloon together!”
Belle told her father.

“But first, let me take you to Paris!” Sophie exclaimed.



Soon Philippe and his wagon were back on the road to Paris—but
this time with special flying guides!

“We’re nearly there!” Belle called from the balloon.





When they finally entered the French National Library, Belle couldn't believe her eyes. There were books on every subject!



She couldn't wait to start reading! First on her list . . . travel journals! Then books on flying! Then maps of the world, then . . . anything and everything!



The Beauty of Mistakes

by Thea Feldman

Every morning, Rapunzel leaped out of bed with a huge smile on her face. Castle life was still very new to her, but she couldn't wait for the adventures each day would bring.

She loved starting her days having breakfast with her parents, King Frederic and Queen Arianna. She was fascinated by their lives and their royal duties.



One day, Rapunzel told Pascal with pride, “My parents do *so* much!
I think I should do something to help . . . but what?”

She saw a broom in the corner. “I know!” she said. “I can help by
doing chores around the castle, like I did in the tower.”

“Princess!” gasped a housemaid. “Please stop! I’ll do that!”





So Rapunzel tried to do laundry instead. But each time she tried to help, she was told, “Princess, *I* will do that!”

Rapunzel didn’t understand what she was doing wrong. In the tower, she had taken care of everything.

But the things she had done well in the tower seemed like mistakes in the castle.



Rapunzel sought out the governess for advice.

“I don’t think I know how to be a princess,” she said, sighing. “What does a princess even do?”

“A princess makes her parents and kingdom proud,” the governess replied. “And she shows that she cares about her people.” She patted Rapunzel on the arm and added, “It’s brave to keep trying! I’m off to run some errands, but I’ll be back soon, and we can talk more then.”

After the governess left, Rapunzel told Pascal, "Painting is my passion. Maybe I can make my parents proud by painting them a mural of my favorite things about Corona! Well, my favorite things so far . . ."

She found an empty wall, gathered her supplies, and began to paint.

"Pardon me, Princess, but you must stop!" the governess said when she returned. "This wall is to be covered with a map of Corona."





“I’m so sorry!” Rapunzel said. “I wanted to surprise my parents with a mural, but I messed this up, too!”

“There, there,” the governess comforted her. “It takes time to learn all the responsibilities of being a princess. The important thing is that you keep trying.”

The governess looked at the painted scene on the wall and said, “This really is quite lovely. I could never paint half as well as you do!”

“Oh, I think you could learn to paint!” said Rapunzel. “I wasn’t always good at it. If you’d like to learn how to paint, I can teach you. In fact, I’m happy to teach everyone who wants to learn! We can start by inviting children to the castle for a day of art.”

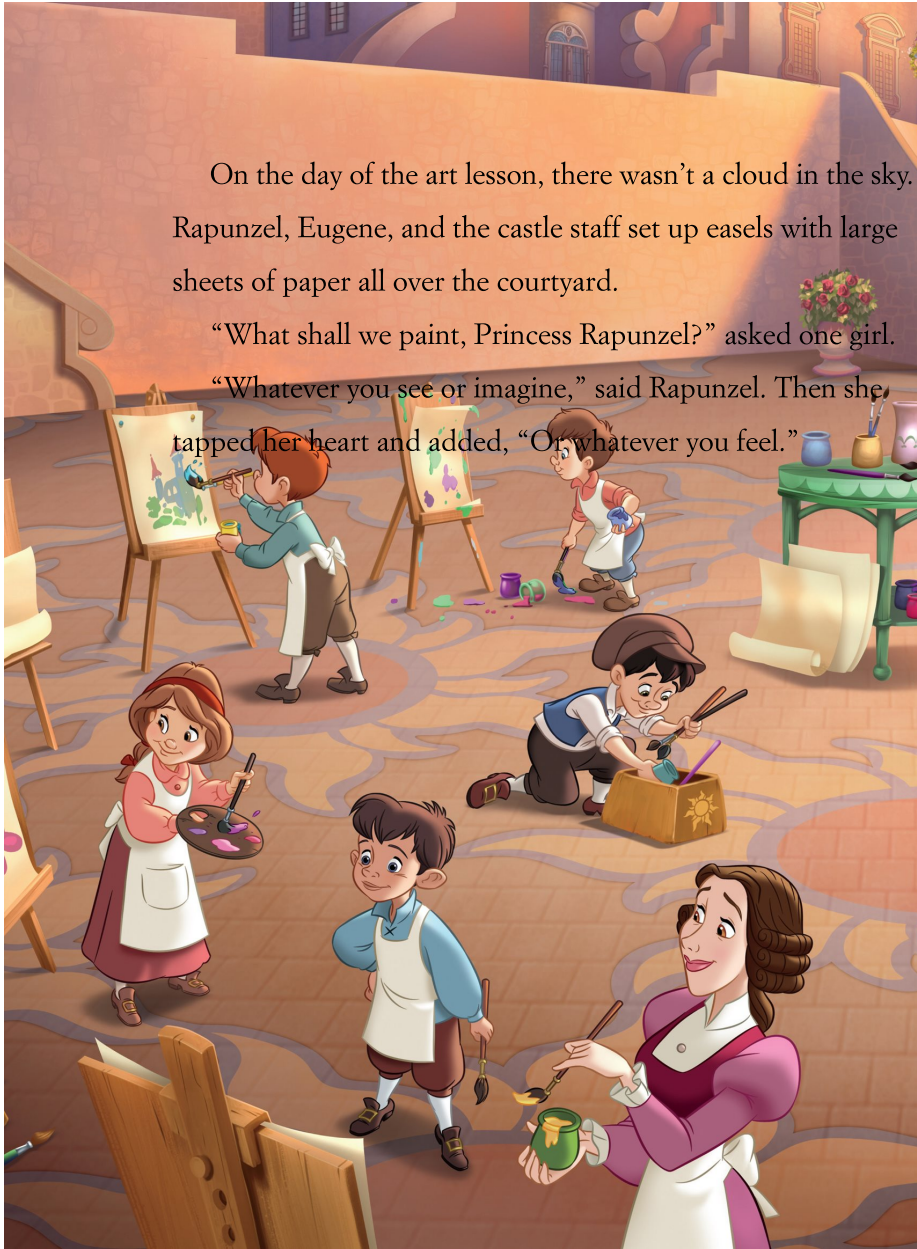
“That’s an excellent way to show you care!” said the governess.



On the day of the art lesson, there wasn't a cloud in the sky. Rapunzel, Eugene, and the castle staff set up easels with large sheets of paper all over the courtyard.

"What shall we paint, Princess Rapunzel?" asked one girl.

"Whatever you see or imagine," said Rapunzel. Then she tapped her heart and added, "Or whatever you feel."





Rapunzel strolled through the courtyard, stopping at each easel and encouraging each young artist.

“It was supposed to be a bird,” sighed one boy, “but I made a lot of mistakes. I’m just not a good painter.”

Rapunzel said, “I know what it’s like to feel discouraged. You’re trying something new, so it might feel frustrating. But trust yourself and keep trying!”





She pointed to the colorful painting and smiled. “Personally, I think you’ve created a very special, one-of-a-kind bird!”

The boy beamed and said, “Thank you, Princess Rapunzel!”

He dipped his paintbrush in some blue paint and kept working.

Seemingly out of nowhere, dark clouds filled the sky. Eugene said,
“Uh, Rapunzel, I don’t want to rain on your parade, but it looks like it’s about to rain.”

The rumble of thunder cut off Eugene’s words. Suddenly, it began
to pour!

Everyone was getting soaked, and so were all the paintings!







The castle staff helped the children dry off while Rapunzel and Eugene hung the paintings near the fireplace to dry. Her day of art felt like one more huge mistake.

She wondered, *What would a princess do?*

Just then, she noticed the light from the fireplace glowing through the paintings.

“Eugene,” she said, “what does this remind you of?”

“The lanterns!” he said, smiling at her.

“The rain may have cut our painting lesson short, but we can still have our day of art right here!” Rapunzel announced.

The children gathered around as she explained her plan.

“We’re going to take these dried paintings and make them into lanterns!” Rapunzel said. “Very special, one-of-a-kind lanterns!”

Soon everyone was having fun turning their paintings into small, colorful lanterns.





Later, Queen Arianna and King Frederic entered the room.

“Mom! Dad! I’ve had the most amazing day!” Rapunzel said brightly. “Things didn’t go as planned. But maybe what I’ve been thinking of as mistakes aren’t mistakes. They’re just me being me, learning and trying as I go along. And they’re all steps to something beautiful, just like the lanterns we made today.”

“You’re learning and trying in your own unique way,” said Queen Arianna. “And that’s what makes you a very special, one-of-a-kind princess!”



The Dragon Boat Race

by Kathy McCullough

The Duanwu Festival was quickly approaching. The celebration took place in China every spring, on the fifth day of the fifth lunar month. Mulan's favorite part was the dragon boat race. Each spring, Mulan watched the boats from other villages race down the river. This year, Mulan wanted to do more than watch.



“Our village should enter the race!” Mulan told her family.

Her father agreed this would bring honor to their village, but her mother was worried. The village had never taken part before. Would they know what to do?

Grandma Fa reminded them that Mulan had once never traveled beyond their village. “There’s a first time for everything.”





Mulan announced her idea to the village.

The villagers were hesitant but excited to try something new.

Mulan explained that they would learn, just as the teams from other villages had learned.

“There’s a first time for everything,” she said.

Outside the temple of the ancestors, Mulan asked Mushu to help choose what colors to paint the boat.

“It should look like me, of course!” Mushu said.





Together, Mulan and her teammates painted the boat to match Mushu's fiery red scales and orange belly.

Mushu admired their handiwork. "It does sort of look like me," Mushu said, "if not quite as handsome."

Practice began the next day. Mushu volunteered to be the drummer.
“I’ve had a lot of practice from banging a gong all these years.”

Mulan showed Mushu how to keep a steady rhythm for the team to follow. She clapped her hands. One, two, three. Mushu thumped the drum. The villagers arced their paddles through the air to the beat. Soon they were paddling in unison.



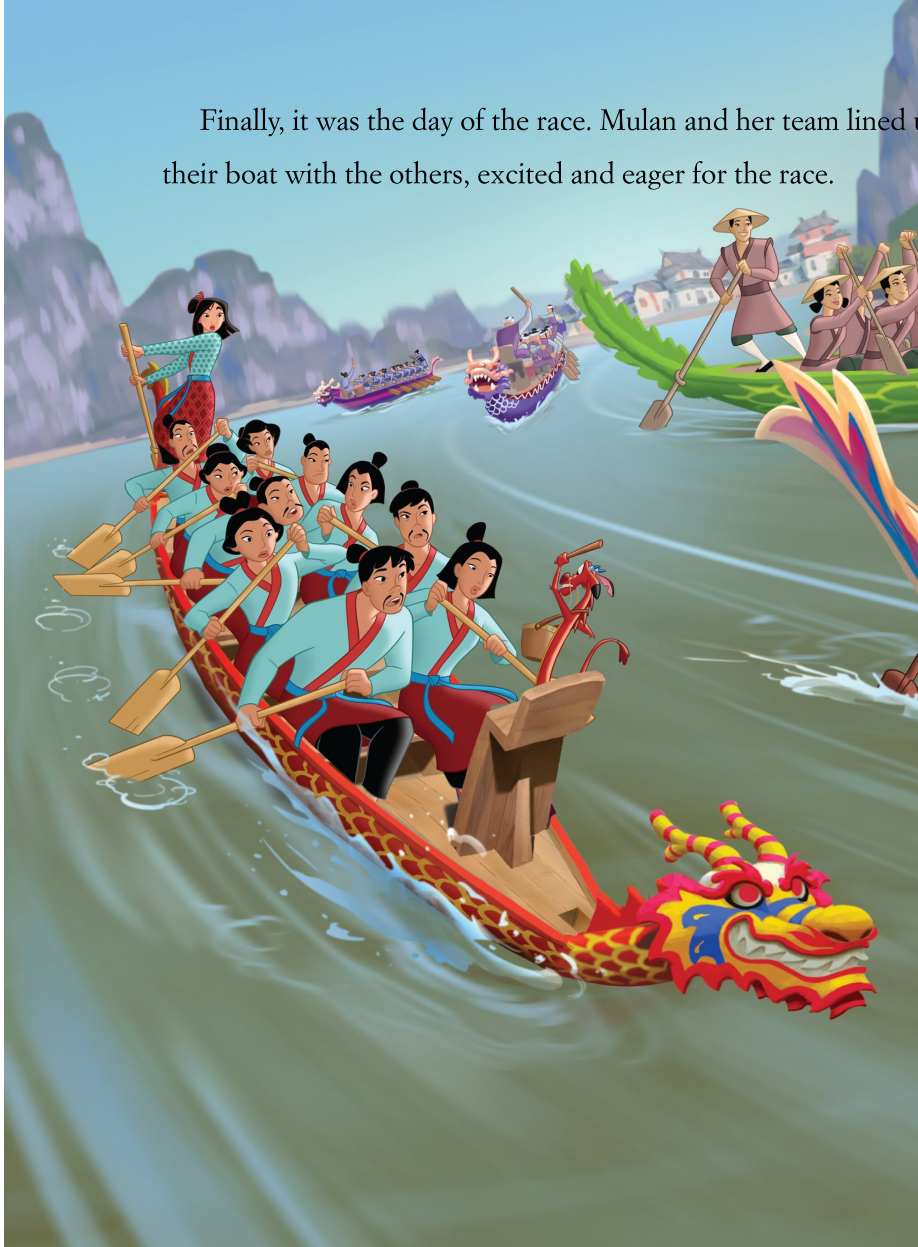


Mulan joined the team. As the sweep, it was her job to steer with a long oar.

They pushed out into the water. At first the boat zigged and zagged, but then the villagers heard Mushu's steady *wham, wham, wham*.

They followed the beat and glided through the water.

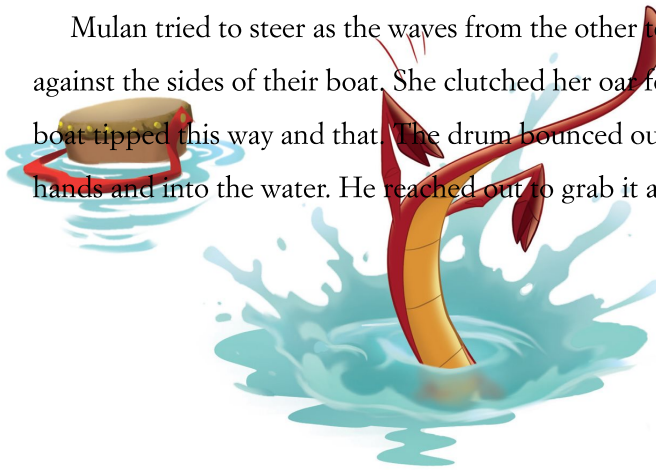
Finally, it was the day of the race. Mulan and her team lined up their boat with the others, excited and eager for the race.







Mulan tried to steer as the waves from the other teams slapped against the sides of their boat. She clutched her oar fearfully as the boat tipped this way and that. The drum bounced out of Mushu's hands and into the water. He reached out to grab it and fell in! *Splash!*



Mulan helped her teammates fish Mushu out of the river. He raced back to his spot. But the team didn't notice their boat heading for the reeds. They crashed!

The villagers slumped in their seats. How could they finish the race now?

"We can't give up!" Mulan told her team. She knew quitting would not bring honor to their village. They'd lost the drum, but they still had their paddles, their boat, and their team.





“It’s true we’ve never paddled without a drum,” Mulan said. “But there’s a first time for everything. And there’s one thing we can do that isn’t a first . . . work together.”

Mulan reminded the villagers that together they’d built and painted a dragon boat.

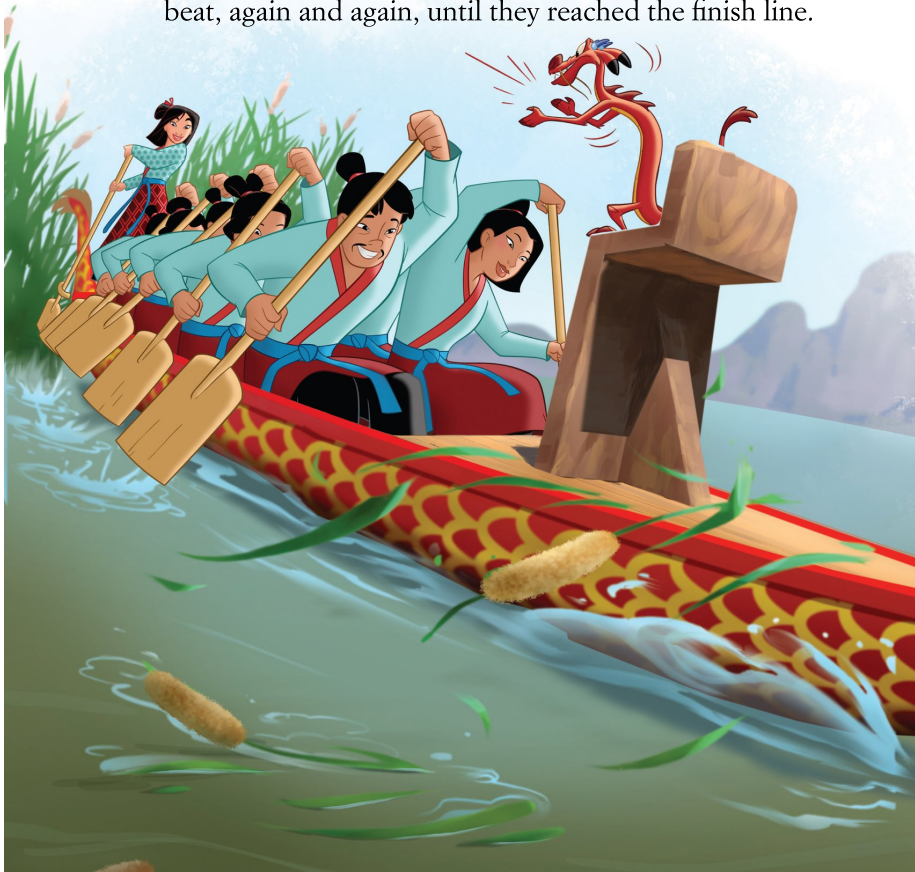
Together they’d trained for the race.

“Together we can get to the finish line!” she cheered.

“And I can still give you a steady beat!” Mushu said. He clapped his hands.

The villagers smiled and lined up their paddles, ready to row.

Together, Mulan and her teammates steered the boat back onto the river. The villagers pushed their paddles through the water to Mushu’s beat, again and again, until they reached the finish line.





The crowd onshore greeted Mulan's team with cheers.

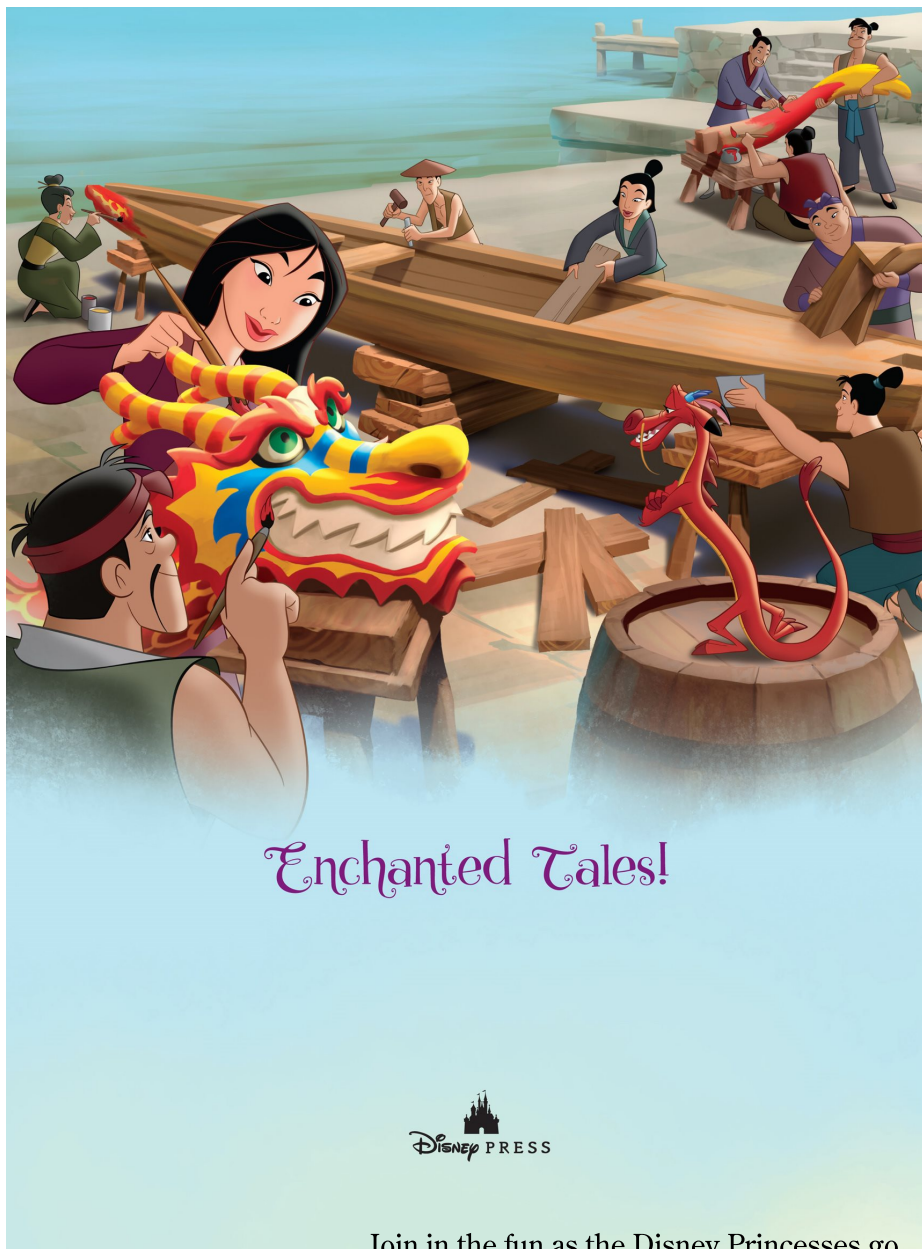
Although they were the last dragon boat to arrive, they were the first to complete the race without a drum.





That night, Mulan, her teammates, and the rest of the village found another thing they could do together . . . celebrate!





Enchanted Tales!



Join in the fun as the Disney Princesses go on their latest enchanting adventures! Each story in this collection is ideal for reading aloud in just five minutes—a perfect fit for bedtime, story time, or any time!

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